The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come, And let my grave-stone be your oracle.— Lips, let sour words go by, and language end: What is amiss, plague and infection mend! Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain ! Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.

1 *SEN.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *SEN.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril[9],

1 *SEN.* It requires swift foot: |

_Exeunt.

tion *[whom~] I* am answerable. *Whom* refers to Timon. All the modern editors (following the second folio) read—Which once, &c. MALONE.

Which, in the second folio, (and I have followed it) is an apparent correction of—Who. Surely, it is the *everlasting mansion.,* or the *beach* on which it stands, that our author meant to cover with the foam, and not the corpse of *Timon.* Thus we often say that the grave in a churchyard, and not the body within it is trodden down by cattle, or overgrown with weeds. STEEVENS.

[8] — EMBOSSED froth—] When a deer was run hard, and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *embossed.* See vol. v. p. 361, n. 9. The thought is from Painter's Palace of Pleasure, torn, i, Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

It is so ; and if Mr. Steevens had thought fit to have quoted the passage from Painter, it would have clearly shewn that my reading, formed upon the first folio, whom, was the true one : *"* By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea shoi;e, that the waves and surges might beate and vexe his dead *carcas"*

Embossed froth, is *swollen* froth ; from *bosse,* Fr. a *tumour.* So, in Henry IV. Part I. the Prince addresses Falstaff:

"Why thou whoreson impudent *embossed* rascal.'* The term *embossed,* when applied to deer, is from *embo^ar,* Span, to cast out of the mouth. MALONE,

9 In our DEAR peril.] So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread,* not knowing that *dear,* in the language of that time, signified *dread,* and is so used by Shakspeare in num berless places. WARBURTON.

Dear, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire, dreadfuL* So, in Hamlet:

" Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven." MALONE.